

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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THE ENGRAVING.

With this number of the Ariel its readers will receive an engraving of a part of Rome, as seen from the Palatine Hill, presenting a view of ancient and magnificent structures, which will especially commend itself to the classic reader.—The Palatine Mount, is said to have been the spot originally fixed upon by Evander; the scene of the exposition of Romulus, and the site of the first foundation of that city. Augustus was born upon it, and passed forty years of his life, without departing from a frugality, his successors knew but little how to profit by the example of; each in turn increased the imperial residence, till the fire of Rome cleared the way for the golden house of Nero, which, covering the whole Mount, extended its wings over the intervening valleys to the Celian and Esquiline Hills.

The modern villas are the Farnese and the Spada; the gardens of the former occupy nearly the whole Mount. The rear of the principal entrance is seen on the left in the view. The whole has been suffered to fall into neglect, since the possessions of the house of Farnese have passed to the Neapolitan sovereign. The villa Spada is now the property of an English gentleman. Some fine apartments belonging to the imperial residence remain, but its vaults are buried in ruin. Arabesques and Frescoes still exist upon its walls; while the statues and bas-reliefs have partly passed into the royal collection at Berlin.

Behind the entrance to the gardens is seen the Church of Santa Maria, also called, from a canonized female buried in it, Santa Francesca Romana. In the interior is the tomb of St. Francis, surrounded by perpetual lamps. Over the Convent appear the upper part of the ruins of the Baths of Titus. The arch of Titus is seen in the middle of the view. It was erected by Trajan, to the memory of the conqueror of Jerusalem, and has been considered the best structure of its species.

The Coliseum, which occupies the centre of the view, was erected by Vespasian, out of materials and upon part of the site of the golden house of Nero. It is an oval, six hundred and twenty feet in length, and five hundred and twelve across. Fifteen thousand men were employed ten years in building it. More than one hundred thousand spectators have at once witnessed the combats within its walls, where five thousand beasts have been let loose in the course of one day. From the Coliseum, the Subura, anciently the most frequented and agreeable part of the city; the abode of the opulent and fashionable Romans, extends in two long streets, as far as the Church of St. John Lateran, the most distant building on the right; this, the original Church of the Popes as Bishop of Rome, assumes the priority of all others as first Church of the Christian world.

The American editors think there is more talent in the French newspaper press than in our own. How modest!

It is impossible to open a Boston paper without seeing "Ladies' Magazine" and "Centennial Celebration."—They seem to have a centennial every few days.

People continue to be knocked down and robbed in New York without any further trouble than that of communicating the information to the papers.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LINES,

On witnessing the interesting exercises in Elocution, of the pupils attached to Mr. & Mrs. Eastburn's Seminary in Library street.

'Tis beautiful to see the new-born rays
Of genius sparkle in the youthful mind;
Yon little band whom we have crown'd with praise,
Display the hand of culturing taste refined.

And as I gaze upon those airy forms,
And hear their soft melodious voices rise,
My heart with love, perhaps with pity warms—
Oh! why must real woes e'er wake their sighs?

Yon little group who tread the mimic stage,
Portraying passions which they never knew,
Uttering the thoughts, hopes, fears, of riper age,
Yet with a look and tone to nature true—

Yon fairy band, ere many years have flown,
Will tread the paths of life which now we tread;
Those places we resign will be their own—
Yet by the careful hand of science led.

The embryo statesman see—the matron wise,
The merchant, free from all a merchant's cares,
The accomplish'd belle, who conquers by her eyes,
The lover, reckless of a lover's fears—

The patriot, barrister, and churchman, here
Perhaps have strutted out their little hour;
The pious mother wept, the friend sincere—
Perhaps the hero too, in danger's hour.

To you, bright band, to you we must resign
The paths we covet in life's chequered stage,
And, Oh! may Science nurture and refine,
Exalt and fit ye for maturer age!

SELECT TALES.

From Tales and Sketches by a Cosmopolite.

FLORA MAC DONALD.

"But love is like the rose, so many ills
Assail it in the bud."

—rarely the blossom comes
To full maturity; but there is naught
Sinks with so chill a breath as faithlessness,
As she could tell, whose loveliness still lives
In village legends. —Miss London.

In the evening of the same day I crossed Loch Gair, and arrived at a little hamlet, called "the Clachan," it contained a few cottages, which skirted the shores of that beautiful sheet of water, built in all the simplicity of unsophisticated architecture. On the beach I saw a number of fishermen, repairing their nets, or bating their 'long lines,' for the next day's labor: high and dry, boats of various sizes and descriptions lay around. At the cottage doors, matrons and maids were engaged in spinning, or in other domestic occupations, none were idle—all were industrious. The loch was waveless, the black buoys of the herding nets floated on the waters, describing many fantastic figures, and seemed stains on its glassy bosom, like those made on the snow white lily by a careless insect, in angry mood.

At a short distance, I saw the spire of the village church, peering above the willow, elm, and cypress trees, which surrounded it. I had always an inward veneration for the houses of God, and a desire to view their site and structure. I therefore went thither while supper was preparing. The Church was an unostentatious quadrangular building, the walls formed of the rough mountain granite, white washed; its conical roof, which seemed recently thatched, with its little belfry, all had an air of simplicity and devotion, for which I have often looked in vain amongst the stately edifices of rich and populous cities. In the burying ground, encircled with a wooden fence, and painted in the usual manner of the country, I discovered a few head-stones

of white gypsum; on some were inscribed a simple epitaph, while many only recorded the name and age of the tenant beneath. In the north corner, I marked a small spot of ground surrounded by a black painted railing, figured with white tears, bones and skulls. No tomb stone was there, but in the centre, on a little mound, grew a rose bush, on which only one bud opened its white and delicate flower. I approached it, and gazed awhile, and a deep feeling of sorrow, and many conjectures filled my mind, which created a strong curiosity to learn the history of the grave. At length I descried a venerable old lady, dressed in the deepest weeds of wo, advancing with silent step; her eyes so intently fixed upon the ground, as if she saw nothing around, but walked instinctively on her path: it seemed as if all the world were within her bosom, and, as if no external object could afford her a moment's abstraction. Deep grief was imprinted on every feature of her face—her pale and haggard cheek showed the signs of sorrowing long and late. When she had nearly reached me, I stepped aside, with all the kindness of feeling, which in man is natural for a fellow being in affliction. I could not disturb her sorrowful meditations. Slowly she continued to advance, and when she reached the enclosed and hallowed spot, carefully opened a little grate and entered. She knelt, and kissed the green sward; I saw the big tear drops gushing over her pallid cheek, and watering the sweet rose-bush. Now she raised her eyes and hands to heaven, as if in prayer; I heard not one articulate sound, but now and then a low, but bitter sob, broke the stillness of the scene, and imagination seemed to tell me, it sounded "Flora!" After being awhile engaged in this pious and sorrowful office, she retired with the same mournful step, as she advanced, quite unconscious that any eye, save heaven's, had seen her supplications.

A thousand thoughts crowded my mind—of severed maternal affection—pure yet hopeless love—withered hopes—ruined fame—and broken heart.

The sun had now set; twilight threw her dusky mantle over the scene, and external nature wore the sombre hue of my own mind which informed me it was time to return to the village inn.

I found my hostess, like most of her calling, a garrulous old woman, and conversant with all the events of the parish for ten miles round; I therefore took a favorable opportunity to inquire the history of the grave which interested me so deeply. At my request her eye lit up, and her whole face beamed with joy, that an opportunity was offered her, to display her knowledge and eloquence. Without prelude, with careless heart and callous tone, with which my feelings and the occasion ill comported, she told me the story. It was a simple one, and probably a similar has come within the circle of each of my reader's knowledge. I do not offer it as a novel, but merely because it interested me deeply, and being sketched in my port folio, I transcribe it here. In substance it was as follows:—

The grave was Flora Mac Donald's, the only comfort and consolation of a widowed mother. She was an innocent and beautiful girl, loved and respected by old and young. Her father had been a merchant of eminence in ****, but dying untimely, his affairs were so carelessly managed, that, although he considered himself rich, his estate realized so small a

pittance, that his wife and daughter, finding themselves unable to support the rank in which they had been accustomed to move, retired soon after his death, to "the Clachan," for economy. Flora loved, and was beloved by a young gentleman, whose name I did not learn, of a poor, but honorable family.—Their marriage was postponed from time to time, for he was not able to support the style in which, if married, he would be obliged to live. A situation of profit, however, was offered to him in the West Indies, by which, he had every prospect of acquiring, in a few years, a handsome competency; with the knowledge and consent of his love, he accepted it, and soon after bade her farewell, with the strongest professions of eternal constancy. He embarked. A few months after, Flora received a letter from him, couched in the most affectionate language, announcing his arrival and flattering prospects, and warmly reiterating his promises of fidelity. He continued an attentive correspondent a few months longer; at length his letters arrived less frequently, were shorter, and couched in a less affectionate style. Reports went abroad, but Flora put no faith in them, she would not mistrust him, whom she loved so dearly; her own heart being loyal, she could not doubt his truth. A long silence, however, created strange forebodings in her mind; and at last, she wrote, entreating him in the purest and sincerest terms to explain the cause of his remissness. It was such a letter as a virtuous and innocent girl would write; it contained not a word of upbraiding—it formed a thousand excuses for his silence—it breathed fears for health, but, not a word of faithlessness. The answer came—alas! it came too soon; it told, that interest the most important, and prospect the most brilliant, had induced him to wed a planter's daughter; he prayed for forgiveness, intreated her to seek a worthier object, on whom she might bestow her love, and prayed that she might soon find such an one, with whom she might live long, peacefully and happily, and concluded with strong professions of eternal friendship. From the hour Flora received that letter, it is said she never had a rational moment, but discoursed loud and long strange and incoherent things. O! how the mother looked upon the wreck of all her daughter's loveliness! No disease seemed to prey upon her, yet, day by day, her cheek grew paler, and her frame weaker; she wasted slowly away, like a beautiful flower! I need not add more of the sequel, than to say she died a broken hearted maniac.

"—Earth could impart
No balm to heal the broken heart."

She was buried in the grave of which I have spoken—her mother planted the rose-bush there, and morning and evening visited the hallowed spot.

THE VESTAL.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labor and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever even,
Tears that delight, and sighs that wait on Heaven;
Grace shines around her with serene beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes!
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.—Pope.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

FIRE SIDE TALES—NO. 1.

THE POCKET BOOK.

Bertha Howard was the loveliest girl in the country town where she resided, and besides being a *belle*, she was deservedly beloved for the qualities of her heart and mind. One little fault, in the opinion of critical observers, sometimes threw a shade over the lustre of her character—that fault was a trifling inclination towards coquetry; and she loved to tease a little the admirers whom her fascinations drew around her. Bertha had a careful mistress in her cousin Lucy Evans, yet it must be confessed that lady's exhortations generally produced an effect directly contrary to the one intended, for Bertha delighted in proving to her graver cousin, that her strictures were wholly unnecessary, as she could charm by whatever method she chose to adopt. And, truth to say, Bertha was so perfectly good humored, and so charming in her vivacity, that her admirers were much in doubt whether her little flights of disdain were not more than atoned for by the sweetness of her returning smiles. Bertha resided with her uncle, who was her sole guardian. This gentleman, besides managing a large landed property, was a Justice of the Peace, and being immersed in business, had little time to attend to the minute particulars of his niece's character. So long as Bertha met him at the door with radiant smiles—so long as his tea table was enlivened by her presence, and his domestic comforts arranged by her ready hand, he was satisfied. He could not wonder at, or pretend to enquire into, the source of the power she possessed over others, for he felt that over him her influence was unbounded; and being of rather an irritable temper, that magic influence was not unfrequently exerted to restore his feelings to the naturally kind and benevolent channel into which they were wont to flow. Whenever Mr. Howard bestowed a thought on his niece's admirers, he secretly wished she might prefer Charles Westville, whom he regarded with peculiar favor; and in this respect Bertha was perfectly obedient. She felt a decided preference for this amiable young man, whom she knew was entirely devoted to her, and had so far encouraged his addresses as to maintain a correspondence with him by letter, when business compelled him, for a time, to reside at some little distance from her. Yet Westville could scarcely feel secure of her affection, for he saw her receive the homage of others, and sometimes felt her momentary slights towards himself. His high and manly spirit, however, prevented his exhibiting any marks of jealousy, and he began to consider Bertha's little variations of conduct rather as the effects of her vivacity, than as proofs of coldness towards him. This piqued her pride, and she resolved to finish all by a master-piece of generalship—in short, she determined on making him terribly jealous, then to reconcile him, and finally reward his love.

This fine scheme she confided to her cousin Lucy Evans, though certain it would meet her decided disapprobation. "It will not do, Bertha," argued cousin Lucy, "depend on it Westville will not submit to be treated thus; and I am surprised that you should select Arthur Freeman to aid you in your project. He will never be a dupe I hope to your flirtation." "I do not recollect any other person of sufficient consequence to make Westville jealous of," replied Bertha, "don't be uneasy, dear Lucy, I will not entrap Arthur; he shall be left at liberty to offer his devotions at the shrine of your gravity after I have done with him, but remember, I have told you this in confidence." "I scorn to betray confidence," said Lucy, somewhat piqued by the hint conveyed in her cousin's random speech, "but do you remember too, Bertha, that I disapprove the trial you meditate, it is at best a piece of childish folly. You have trifled too much al-

ready—that disagreeable George Oswald half believes you in earnest when you listen to his fulsome flattery, and he looks with a malicious eye on every one who approaches you." Bertha laughed at this suggestion of her cousin—she heartily despised the person alluded to, who was employed by her uncle in his business concerns, and was an inmate of the family; but to the real character of George Oswald both Bertha and her uncle were strangers. His principles were of the worst kind, and he aspired to the hand of Bertha, who was considered heiress to her uncle's property. This Bertha knew, and she treated him in private with the most mortifying coldness, though sometimes in the presence of her cousin she affected to be engrossed by his conversation. Oswald's malignant feelings were excited by the indifference of Bertha, and he would have rejoiced in any opportunity of revenging her frequent slights, but he was poor, and ambitious, and priding himself on the favor with which he was treated by Mr. Howard, he hoped by perseverance to gain Bertha by disposing her uncle to aid his views.

In pursuance of her scheme, Bertha bestowed her smiling attentions on young Freeman, and was often seen strolling with him on the public walk, and we say it with scorn, for we are rather partial to our heroine, she behaved towards Charles Westville with a degree of coldness, as new as it was distressing to his feelings. In a short visit which he could not deny himself, though his heart revolted, some hints on his part drew forth some spirited replies on hers. They quarrelled, though nothing was ever further from Bertha's intention. The mortified lover demanded his letters, and Bertha with affected willingness, appointed that evening for him to call for them—"she had mislaid them," she said, but would seek for them. Scarcely had Westville departed, when her uncle entered in great haste; he was obliged to go out immediately on important business, and he consigned to her care a pocket-book which he told her contained important papers, and notes to a large amount, desiring her to lock it in her desk till called for. Bertha's thoughts were full of her lover; she already repented of her conduct—she began to fear that Westville was really in earnest—she scarcely heard her uncle's commands, yet, mechanically, did as he desired, and deposited the pocket-book in her writing desk. George Oswald had entered the room adjoining that in which Bertha was sitting a moment before her uncle gave the book into her hands—he saw Bertha consign it to her writing desk, and leave the room without removing the key. He knew that Mr. Howard's business of haste was to investigate an affair suddenly transpired, which wore a suspicious aspect, and in which he was too deeply concerned. The tempter, who is always at hand, whispered to him, that if he could secure the important prize, he might be sure of funds to aid his removal from a scene which might become dangerous to him. A feeling of malice towards Bertha strengthened his resolve. He approached the desk—secured the prize, left the house, and was soon far on his way towards the nearest sea-port before his absence was discovered.

Charles Westville in the mean time began to repent his hasty expressions to Bertha; his wonted tenderness returned, and he resolved to see her that evening and solicit an explanation, for he felt that it was impossible to resign her while a hope remained that he was not an object of total indifference to her. True to his appointment he went thither, but as he approached the house, he saw Freeman enter it. A sudden revolution in his feelings made him hesitate to enter; he paced the pavement before the door in hopes of seeing his supposed rival depart, but his patience being quite exhausted, he hastily rung the bell and desired to see Miss Howard. She came—in a faltering voice he reminded her of the purport of his errand. Overwhelmed by a variety of feelings, and desirous of hiding her agitation from her then welcome visitor, Ber-

tha hastily ran to her writing desk in which she kept the long treasured letters of her lover carefully enclosed in a pocket-book. She stayed not to take them out, but presenting it, said in a hurried voice that she believed he would find them all there. Westville left Bertha without remarking her agitation, for his own feelings nearly overpowered him. Arthur Freeman perceived that his companion was greatly moved, and wondering at the cause, he shortened his visit.

Mr. Howard was returning late that evening, when he encountered Arthur Freeman, who was hastening to seek him. Arthur informed him that about half an hour before, he had overtaken two men who were strangers to him, but who were assisting a person who was found in a state of insensibility by the road side, and whom they were desirous of conveying to his home, or to some place where he would have proper assistance. They had seen him walking at a rapid pace before them, and presently saw him fall as if seized by sudden illness. Arthur on seeing the face of him whom they supported, recognised Charles Westville; they assisted him to a public house which happened to be at no great distance, and on removing his coat to aid his recovery, a pocket book had fallen from the pocket, which being marked with Mr. Howard's name, he instantly knew. He had secured the pocket book till Westville should be in a situation to take care of it, and was going in quest of Mr. Howard, who he knew was a friend of Westville. In much concern and alarm that gentleman accompanied his informant to the place where he had left Westville. He had begun to recover, but when he saw Mr. Howard, he seemed in great agitation. The latter demanded to see the pocket book, and found it the same he had given to Bertha's care in the morning. In the confusion of the moment he ordered Westville to be detained until his return, and in no very equivocal language, protested that he should investigate this suspicious circumstance. Westville spoke not, he was ignorant of what the pocket book contained, and Mr. Howard hurried home in a state of alarm and indignation which terrified Bertha, who had never before seen him so much moved. A few words explained the truth. Bertha with tears confessed that she had quarrelled with her lover, and given him, as she thought, the pocket book which contained his letters. She searched for her own, but it was not there—a fraud had been committed, but Westville, the high-souled Westville, was cleared from a shadow of suspicion. Bertha, in penitential tears, wrote to solicit his forgiveness, which was readily granted, and Mr. Howard thought that he could never sufficiently atone to his young friend for his momentary suspicion. And now it was discovered that Oswald had absconded. A search was immediately made for him, and he was overtaken—but not till he had discovered that he had stolen the letters of his rival instead of the rich booty he expected.

Bertha was now heartily ashamed of her coquetry, and when she learned from her lover that the anguish of his mind had occasioned his sudden illness, and heard him confess that jealousy of Arthur Freeman had driven him almost to despair, she remembered the caution of her cousin Lucy Evans; and when Lucy became the bride of Arthur Freeman, Bertha, then the wife of Charles Westville, often talked over past days and shuddered whenever she thought of the pocket book.

H. M.

HISTORICAL.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

The following narrative possesses much interest. It was handed to us for publication, by a gentleman of this city, in whose integrity we have entire confidence. He states that he saw and conversed with ASH, and made many inquiries concerning him, which leave no doubt of the truth of his history. It adds another to the list of those strange and ad-

venturous lives, that have been of no unfrequent occurrence in the early settlements of the western states.—*Cincinnati Chronicle*.

In travelling through the western states, I have heard and seen a few things which I have deemed worth recording. In another journal of this city, I have published some of them; the following, if you think proper, I will thank you to insert in the *Chronicle*.

The individual, whose story is given below, I met in the state of Indiana; and learned by mere accident, that his life had been somewhat peculiar. He at first refused to give me his history; and had to use some address to overcome his obstinacy. It was with manifest repugnance that he entered upon the relation, pleaded haste, and finally left me unsatisfied as to some parts. Gentlemen present assured me that I had been particularly fortunate—that they had never known him so communicative on these subjects before, but that I might, in their opinion, place implicit reliance in his statements, as his character for veracity was fair. I will endeavor to give his narrative, as nearly as his own words, assisted by a few hasty notes, will enable me.

STORY OF GEORGE ASH.

My father, John Ash, was one of the earliest emigrants to Kentucky, and settled near Bardstown, Nelson County, many miles from any other white settlement. In the month of March, 1780, when I was about ten years of age, we were attacked by the Shawnee Indians; a part of the family were killed, the rest taken prisoners. We were separated from each other, and excepting a younger sister, who was taken by the same party that had me in possession, I saw none of my family for seventeen years. My sister was small; they carried her two or three days, but she cried and gave them trouble, and they tomahawked and scalped her, and left her lying on the ground. I was after this transferred from one family to another, several times, and treated harshly, and called a 'white dog;' till, at length, I was domesticated in a family, and considered a member of it. After this, my treatment was like that of other children of the tribe. The Shawnees, at this time, lived on the Big Miami, about twenty miles above Dayton. Here we continued until General Clark came out and attacked us, and burnt our town. We then removed to St. Mary's, and continued there some years. While here, Gen. St. Clair came out against us. Eight hundred and fifty warriors went out to meet him; and on their way, were joined by fifty Kickapoos. The two armies met about two hours before sunset. When the Indians were within half a mile of St. Clair, the spies came running back to inform us, and we stopped. We concluded to encamp; it was too late, they said, to begin the 'play.' They would defer the sport till the next day. Gen. Blue Jacket was our commander. After dark, he called all the chiefs around him, to listen to what he had to say. 'Our fathers,' said he, 'used to do as we now do—our tribes used to fight other tribes—they could trust to their own strength and their numbers, but in this conflict we have no such reliance—our power and our numbers bear no comparison to those of our enemies, and we can do nothing, unless assisted by our Great Father above. I pray now,' continued Blue Jacket, raising his eyes to heaven, 'that he will be with us to-night, and (it was now snowing) that to-morrow he will cause the sun to shine out clear upon us, and we will take it as a token of good; and we shall conquer.'

Blue Jacket appears to have been a priest as well as a warrior. Upon this point I intended to make some inquiries, but had not an opportunity.

About an hour before day, orders were given for every man to be ready to march. On examination, it was found that three fires, or camps, consisting of fifty Pottowattamies, had deserted. We marched till we got within sight of the fires of St. Clair. Then Gen. Blue Jacket began to talk and sing a hymn.

as Indians sing hymns. (Here the narrator mentioned some ceremony that did not well understand.) The fight commenced, and continued for an hour or more, when the Indians retreated. As they were leaving the ground, a Chief, by the name of Black Fish, ran in among them, and in a voice of thunder, asked them what they were doing, where they were going, and who had given them orders to retreat? This caused a halt, and he proceeded in a strain of the most impassioned eloquence to exhort them to courage and deeds of daring; and concluded by saying, what the determinations of others might be, he knew not, but for himself, his determination was to conquer or die. 'You who are like-minded, follow me,' and they raised the war-hoop, which is, 'We conquer or die.' The attack was most impetuous, and the carnage, for a few moments, shocking. Many of the Indians threw away their guns; leaping in among the Americans, and did the butchery with the tomahawk. In a few moments the Americans gave way; the Indians took possession of the camp and artillery, spiked the guns, and parties of Indians followed the retreating army many miles. Eleven hundred Americans were left dead on the field. The number of Indians killed, together with those who afterwards died of their wounds, amounted to only thirty-five. In this battle a ball passed through the back of Ash's neck, and left a scar, which he showed me. He fell, and says his recollection returned while an Indian was carrying him away on his back. Many years after, he ascertained that he had a brother in St. Clair's army, who was killed in this battle. Who can say that he did not direct the ball that did the fatal work? for all who have seen Ash, will allow that he was not a man to be idle in battle.

After this battle, I started with eight others, on an embassy to the Creek nation. Our object was to renew the friendly relations between that nation and our own tribe; and two of our number were regularly accredited ambassadors for that purpose. We made a visit of a year, and were successful in the objects of our mission. The nations north of the Ohio were desirous of strengthening themselves against the whites, by foreign alliances.

While we were absent, our tribe had a battle with the whites near Fort Hamilton. The American army was commanded, I think, by General Bradley. After our return, Wayne came out against us with 800 men. We sent runners to all nations to collect together warriors, and soon an army of 1500 men were on the field. We marched to meet Wayne who then lay at Fort Recovery. We took one of Wayne's spies in our march, a Chickasaw. He was taken to the Indian army, that he might give us some account of Wayne's movements, but the Indians were so enraged at him for his treachery, that they fell upon him in his narrative and killed him. Our army was then in great want of provisions. The Chippeway Indians cut him up, roasted, and ate him. Near Fort Recovery, we met a part of the American army, and fought them without much success, and returned home. Wayne marched on the towns, and only three hundred warriors could be mustered to meet him. We went out, however, and fought him in two battles, within three days of each other. The Indians were in effect conquered, and the war ended. Gen. Blue Jacket, that winter, hoisted the flag of truce, and marched into Greenville, to treat with Wayne.

We are all familiarly acquainted with the history of these Indian wars, of the gallant and unfortunate St. Clair, and of the chivalrous and successful Wayne. This, for aught I know, is the first Indian account of these transactions that has appeared; and if it is correct, and I have abundant reason to think it is, it must go at least to diminish our censure of St. Clair, if it does not detract from the credit of Wayne. St. Clair suffered himself to be surprised by the Indians in their own territory, a fault which Washington thought admitted of no excuse; besides, his army exceeded the enemy's in numbers. But

when we take into consideration his ignorance of Indian warfare, and that he had to fight them in their own wilds, we must acknowledge the disparity was not very great. By their own shewing, likewise, their army consisted of nearly a thousand men, and such men as are not easily conquered by any force, for their own motto was, 'we conquer or die.' Ash had now been with the Indians seventeen years; he had long since identified himself with them, spoke their language perfectly, and had almost forgotten his own—and had adopted their dresses and their modes of life. His right ear is fixed in a peculiar manner for the purpose of wearing jewels. The edge of the ear, about a third of an inch deep, is cut off, except where the ear joins the head. This rim hangs down on the face, and serves as a kind of loop. The parting gristle of the nose is perforated; there is, likewise, a hole in his left ear. I made some inquiries as to his painting. He said he painted, and wore about a hundred dollars worth of silver in ornaments, when he visited the ladies! In his nose he wore three silver crosses, and seven half moons, valued from five to six dollars each. And as he proceeded to describe his decorations for these excursions of gallantry, and the reception he met with, I could not but reflect upon the effect which ornaments have with the fair in all ages, and among all nations.

'After peace,' he proceeded, 'I told the Indians I wished to go to the white settlements, and see if any of my family were living.—They at first made objections, but finally consented, and in full dress, with a good horse, a good gun, and a good hunting dog, I started for Fort Pitt. After travelling alone fourteen days in the wilderness, I arrived at my place of destination. I there found a brother, and learned that my father was still living in Kentucky. After staying some time at Fort Pitt, I was employed by a gentleman as a guide through the wilderness to Detroit. When we arrived in the neighborhood of Detroit, I told my employer he might go on, and that I would spend the winter among the Indians with my wife, for I had taken a wife before I left them. He called for me in the Spring, and we returned to Fort Pitt together. I here sold my horse, and proceeded down the Ohio river, in a boat, with the intention of visiting my father. I arrived at his house in the night, called him up and requested entertainment for the night. He said he denied such a request to no man, whoever he might be, but evidently was not much pleased with my appearance, for I was still in my Indian dress, and could speak but a few words of English. He paid me but little attention, gave a servant some orders about my lodging, and was about retiring to bed, when I drew him into conversation by asking him some questions about his family. I asked him if he had not a son George (many years before) taken by the Indians? He replied that he had, that he learned he was in St. Clair's defeat, and that he was killed. I assured him that the report was incorrect, and that I knew something of his son. He asked with eagerness where he was. I replied, he now stands before you. He looked at me with searching scrutiny for a few moments, and commenced pacing the room. He walked up and down the room for two hours before he uttered a syllable. 'Would you know your brother Henry,' said he at last, 'if you should see him?' I told him no, for he was a mere infant when I went away. He thought I should, and though late in the night, rode several miles to bring him.'

In this part of the narration, I perceived that Ash's eyes grew moist, and that his voice was husky. He rose to depart, but by some entreaty he was induced to return and continue his tale.

'My father,' said he, 'had become wealthy, possessing negroes and fine horses in abundance; but my mother was dead, and my father had married a second wife, who was not backward in letting me know that that was no place for me. I started again for the Indian country, crossed the Ohio, and pitched

my camp on the spot where my house now stands, on the bank of the Ohio, exactly opposite the mouth of the Kentucky. After hunting for some time I determined to make another visit to my red brethren, and a friend gave me a horse to ride. I found them preparing a deputation for their great father, the President, and nothing would do but that I should make one of the party. With a number of chiefs, I set out for Philadelphia, and after visiting the President and all the great people there, and by them no doubt thought a very good Indian, I returned to my old camp where I now live. As a compensation for my service in this mission, the Indians granted me a tract of land opposite the mouth of the Kentucky, four miles in length on the river, and one mile back. When the territory was ceded to the United States, the Indians neglected to reserve my grant. I had cultivated some parts of my land, and it was worth more than the government price. It was offered for sale, and I petitioned Congress to secure to me what was in fact my own. They denied me the request, but permitted me to purchase as much as I could at the government price. I had considered myself rich in lands, but poor in cash, and my domain was reduced to about two hundred acres. On this I have lived ever since—and this completes the history of George Ash.'

* This most ungracious libel so gratuitously revived by the writer of this biography, must have been lugged in from sheer ignorance.—The defeat of St. Clair was no fault of his, its disgrace should be laid to the account of General Butler, his second in command. St. Clair's army was surprised in their encampment in the night; yet General Butler had been informed, that very evening, that a body of Indians were lurking in the woods by which the camp was surrounded. They were discovered by a scouting party, who reported the fact to Butler, and suggested to him the propriety of informing the commander in chief—but Butler merely ordered them to their tents, and did not think proper to inform his superior officer of the alarming intelligence he had received. Had he done so, St. Clair would not have been so blind as not to double his sentries, and keep a sharper look out than usual. The Indians, when they discovered the scouting party, cautiously refrained from raising an alarm by firing on them, altho' the whites were greatly their inferior in numbers, fearful that their intended attack would be frustrated by so doing. To this unpardonable negligence of Butler that horrid defeat and massacre may be fairly attributed. As to St. Clair, a braver and a better officer never lived. He sacrificed a princely fortune in the cause of his country, of which that country most ungratefully refused to return him even a cent; and covered with unjust reproaches and contumely, heaped upon him principally by Washington's Secretary at War (Knox) he died in object poverty, in an almost roofless hut amid the forests of the Alleghenies. It is time that Americans should abate this torrent of defamation, since they failed to render to the honest but unfortunate veteran, even the common charities of human nature.—Ed. Ariel.

CLIPPINGS.

Six children have died in Portsmouth of the canker rash. A Woolen Factory at Grafton, Mass. was burnt on the 9th—insured for 11,000 dollars.

Two fellows were most righteously sentenced to ten years hard labor in New York, for robbing a man of ten dollars on the highway.

The widow of a man killed in Paris has sued Polignac for 25,000 francs damages. If she gains, the widows of all the martyrs may also sue.

Diluted Chlorine has been successfully inhaled as a remedy in various cases of pulmonary consumption.

Another musical wonder has arisen in fertile Germany—a woman who plays beautifully on the pianoforte with her nose. Anything for a paragraph!

The New York Courier scolds the good people of Boston for not celebrating the French revolution: It says they are "as cold as their own cod-fish."

A man recovering from sickness, asked leave to eat a little gruel. How much gruel has the patient taken? said the Doctor next day. Only twelve quarts, was the reply.

The city of St. Louis contains 5852 inhabitants—of which 1168 are slaves and 387 free colored people. In 1830, St. Louis contained 4123 souls: increase in ten years, 1729.

About one thousand men are now employed in making the Albany and Schenectady rail road, which, it is expected, will be completed next year.

Thos. Moore, the poet, is preparing a History of Ireland. The Charleston, S. C. papers mention that about six miles of the rail road leading from that city are completed, and that the work is in rapid progress.

The manufacture of sheet lead and lead pipe has just been commenced at Wheeling.

The celebrated Indian, Captain John Brant, Esq. son of the Chief, has been returned to the provincial parliament of Upper Canada.

Eighteen convicts were lately released from jail in Rhode Island, eight of whom were banished from the state—not being citizens.

The United States Marine Hospital, situated in the western section of the city of Savannah, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 5th instant.

A Swedish ship has sailed from Gottenburg for Swan River. She carries 11 wooden houses built at Gottenburg.

Edward R. Shubrick, Esq. has been appointed to the command of the United States ship Vincennes now lying at New York.

Three thousand and seven hundred bbls. of mackerel have been packed in Barnstable the past season.

A few Sundays ago, three divines in Liverpool and its vicinity, preached the self same sermon to their respective congregations! The sermon was purloined from a discourse by the late Dean Greaves.

The Grand Jury of New York have made a presentment against Lotteries.

The Asiatic Journal mentions the death of John Adams, Governor of Pitcairn's Island, the last of the multi-neers of the English ship Bounty.

The Western Reserve, Ohio, Synod at a recent meeting has voted no longer to recognize such titles as D. D. as belonging to Ministers of the Gospel.

Three men, who had last month been struck down by lightning, in N. C. were recovered by pouring cold water on them.

Seventy ragamuffins of all colors, were taken up at Five Points, N. Y. in a single night last week!

The canal lands, which were sold at Logansport, Indiana, last month, brought \$1.50 an acre. Many purchasers mean to occupy them.

A wretch in Canada has been arrested for murdering a woman while confined with an infant only two days old.

A Canada schooner of 49 tons, has been seized and confiscated as a smuggler. Success to all such Cases.

The first steam engine ever used in Connecticut, was put up in Hartford last month. This is rather remarkable. General Sumpter has been prematurely killed by the newspapers. The old veteran is yet alive and well.

A will case is before Court, in Maine, involving \$99,000. The jury sat three weeks, and could not agree afterwards.

Miss Edgeworth, hearing a lady say, "I cannot sing positively," replied, "True; we all know you can sing superlatively."

At Marshall's works, Hudson, N. Y. 19,648 pieces of calico were printed during last September.

The tragedy which last winter gained Mr. Caldwell's prize of \$500, has been published at New York. Its title is Irma, or the Prediction.

A Stocking Manufactory has just been put in operation in Troy, N. Y. under the direction of Mr. Roby, a thorough bred stocking weaver.

An Angling Club has been recently established at Cincinnati, consisting of twenty-five members.

A Legislative committee of Rhode Island have recently, "by authority," destroyed \$1,500 dollars, in bills of the Farmers' Exchange Bank.

There was a pretty stiff snow storm at Montreal last week—the hills were fairly whitened. Cold winter is coming—take care of your toes.

Mr. T. R. Hazard's Woolen Factory at South Kingstown, R. I. was burnt down on the 2d inst.—no insurance.

Mr. Barbour, late Minister to England, has lost his election to Congress from Virginia.

A fellow in Charleston advertised to eat a supper of live coals, blazing balls, burning brimstone, and sundry other delicacies, hitherto unknown in this part of the world.

Lord Romney once gave a dinner in England, the length of the tables measuring 13,333 yards; the boards alone cost 6000 dollars.

Wagons now travel 40 miles in one and a half hours, on the Liverpool and Manchester railway!

The French government have ordered a levy of 80,000 men, to supply the deficiency of Algiers and the Swiss regiments.

Charles X. continues in England, still keeping up the pompous manners of a crowned personage.

Large quantities of Mackerel have lately been caught in Buzzard's Bay, and carried fresh to N. York on strings.

A cauliflower was raised this season in Dorchester, which weighed 7 lbs. and had 28 full, ripe heads.

Yankee Reasons.—About 20,000 packages of Raisins have been received this season for the approaching New England thanksgiving, and more are expected! They have reasons for their jubilee indeed.

Samuel Stevens has been arrested in Marblehead, charged with stealing a yoke of oxen.

A new edition of Paul Clifford has been published in London, with "striking additions."

The Prussian State Gazette styles our envoy extraordinary to Russia, Mr. Randolph V. Roanoke.

The Schuykill Navigation Company are about raising the dam at the Borough of Norristown, 18 inches higher.

It is stated in a late French paper, that the Germans have made the important discovery that Corn is excellent for fattening hogs.

Mr. O. Henley, 15th ult. was robbed of \$4900 in U. S. Bank notes, in Dinwiddie county, Va. by persons whose faces were blacked.

LITERARY.

THE MUSSULMAN—BY R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.
SECOND NOTICE.

Since the brief mention we made of this new work by the author of *Travels in Turkey*, we have had leisure to examine it more attentively, and find it, throughout, a narrative of striking and deeply interesting events, giving a lively insight into the history and manners of the barbarians. We extract, to-day, an incident of horrible reality. Mourad, the hero of the piece, after a long absence returns to his native city. His natural enemy (Yussuf) lieutenant to the public executioner, discovers his retreat, intent on wreaking a deadly vengeance on his head.—He was pointed out to Yussuf's ruffians, in a khan, or tavern.

"The fellows who were stationed at the door immediately burst into the room. In a moment, the unfortunate Mourad was seized, his arms were pinioned, and cords tied round his wrists. But there was no necessity for the restraint; the poor wretch stood mute and motionless in the midst of them: his knees tottering under him, and his head downcast, he appeared totally unconscious of what was going forward. Yussuf stared at him with astonishment; the servants stood aloof: some said he was drunk, others that he was furnished, but an old man who had gazed on him in silence for several minutes, said he was sick, and he knew nothing of the plague, if that was not the disorder of the prisoner.

Yussuf's cheeks and lips became like ashes at the word. "Plague! did you say?" he exclaimed; "look at the kafir well, and tell me, by your beard, is that his malady?"

"As sure," said the old man, "as you pressed him to your bosom, the plague is on him; for all the riches of your tribe, I would not have laid a finger on him."

Yussuf's soul was filled with the terror of the infectious malady. While the old man spoke, he stood aghast, leaning on the shoulder of one of his attendants, trembling from head to foot. In the mean time, the sick man's limbs were tottering under him; at length they seemed to fail him altogether—he staggered a few steps and then sunk on the floor.

"Had he fifty plagues on his person," cried Yussuf in a tremulous voice, "he should not escape me! If none of you will stand forward and lift the robber from the earth, though the breath of his nostrils reek with contamination, I will raise him and bear him hence; if all of you are such impious Moslems as to fly in the face of Heaven, and seek to avoid that which destiny has ordained to come to pass, the hell-couch of the infidels is too good a bed for you."

The old man was the spokesman of the party; he told the young Effendi, that precaution was not impiety; that it was the act of a madman to stand under a falling house; and that the blessed Prophet had said, there was no necessity to rush into the midst of a conflagration. "What was the use," he said, "of carrying a wretch to a dungeon, who would die quietly in his own dwelling within three days, without troubling any human being?—What was the necessity of carrying a pestiferous disease into a crowded jail?"

"He prayed Heaven its ravages would not extend to the Effendi's house; but he trembled," he said, "for the result of his imprudence: it was an unfortunate greeting. Who, that had the use of his two eyes, could fail to see the deadly characters of the most terrible of all maladies written in the livid features of the wretch he had folded to his heart?—Did you not observe, Effendi," continued the torturer, "the wildness of his lurid eye, the leaden hue of his complexion, the quivering motion of his ashy lip; and how in the name of Allah! with such horrors staring you in the face, could you throw yourself into his arms? Oh! Effendi, it was ill-done of you,

and it will be a great mercy if you escape the peril you have rushed in the midst of."

Yussuf stood breathless with consternation: the mortal anxiety of his countenance was visible to every eye; the warning of the astrologer was present to his mind, his words were so many appalling terrors to his heart. He still was in the chamber, and every breath he drew he felt as if it came warm from the contaminating lips of the wretch before him, and was loaded with the effluvia of the noisome malady. His heart sickened with apprehension; he was alone in the apartment; the old man besought him, from the door way to leave the place of peril; he gave one scowling glance at the unfortunate being who lay extended on the floor and quitted the room.

"Shall we go, Effendi?" said the old man, "from this devoted house, over which the angel of death is flapping his sable wings! shall we leave this pest-house Effendi, about whose windows the ravens are hovering, and the horrible vulture, with blood stained beak and grumous claws, is spreading the shade of his monstrous wings?"

"Peace, man!" exclaimed Yussuf, "your words are those of terror. If the sight of a sick man have turned the stream of life into geled water, fly while you have a foot to stand upon; but here will I remain, till I procure the assistance of those who have the souls of men, and whose spirits will not quail when I command them to bear that villain to a dungeon."

"If you are resolved on taking him," replied the old man, "the common porters who convey the sick wretches to the pest-house of the Seven Towers, will be the fittest persons to bear him to the dungeon. Shall we send for them Effendi?"

"Do so," said Yussuf, "and let it be done quickly." One of the attendants was despatched for the fellows, whose horrible avocation is undertaken by none but the very dregs of the Bagnio. Yussuf was seated on the step of the door waiting their arrival; every moment appeared an age of torment till they appeared; his only chance of escaping the contagion, depended he believed, on changing his apparel and visiting the bath.

At length the messenger returned with those he had been sent for; two such cut-throats never gave the hellish character of atrocity to the human countenance. Drunkenness and profanity were written in every broad disgusting line of their visages, and all the detestable familiarity of vulgar infamy was apparent in their address. "Allah defend my soul!" said Yussuf, in a voice almost audible enough for the ears of those around him, "from the horror of ever encountering the sight of these wretches on the bed of sickness! Heaven preserve me from the touch of their appalling hands! Merciful powers, save me from the terrors of the gloomy walls, where none who enter, again go forth! Prophet of the faithful! let me walk under thy shadow; and be thy protection my shield from danger, my shelter from the falling arrows of the pestilence which flies aloft and turns the breath of life into poison."

"Where is the man who is to be carried hence?" said one of the fellows, addressing himself to Yussuf, "and where would you have him brought?" Yussuf shuddered at the sound of the gruff voice; he could not bring his heart to sustain the stare of the bold eye which was fixed upon him; his look was involuntarily averted from the fellow's hideous face, when he told him the prisoner was to be taken to the Bagnio.

A growl of surprise was the reply. "What, take a dying man to the dungeon! it is our business to carry people with the plague to the pest-house; but no matter where we go, so long as we are paid for the trouble. Do you think he will die on the road? if so, we are entitled to pay for carrying a corpse."

"Dogs!" cried Yussuf, "bear off your burden, and cease your clamor."

"Dogs as we are," muttered the fellow who had before spoken, "we have dragged the bo-

dy of a greater Effendi than any here, before now, to the sea shore." Yussuf shuddered: had the speaker stood another moment before him, in all probability he would have had a bullet through his head; but he had prudence to follow his scowling companion into the apartment where the unfortunate Mourad lay. When they rudely seized on his arms and pulled him up, he looked wildly around him; his brain was all confusion, he knew not where he was, or who surrounded him; but, as they led him to the door, trailing his feet after him, his heavy eyelids sinking every moment, and his head nodding at every step, he seemed to make an effort to rouse his stupefied senses. He stared like one bewildered at the strange faces about him; his glance at length encountered the person of Yussuf: for a minute, his dim eye was riveted on his countenance; his death-like features brightened up, a faint blush of redness passed over his cheek, his eyebrows became contracted, and from the dark space between them thunderbolts appeared to issue.

He stood firmer on his legs than he had done before; his head became erect; all of a sudden he rushed from the slim hold of the two fellows who stood beside him, and sprang at Yussuf's throat: every nerve was strung with the excitement of the moment, the strength of death was in his grasp, his fingers continued clawed into the neck of his enemy, and there he stood in breathless frenzy, shaking every fibre of the trembler in his grasp, and defying the strength of all the attendants to tear his hands from the throat of his adversary.

It was a shocking spectacle. The terrified Yussuf was screaming to those about him to save him from the madman; the horror of his look was even more appalling than the frenzy of Mourad's; and it was only after the desperate struggle had endured for many minutes, that the strength of the assailant began to fail; his limbs trembled, his features shrank, and his enfeebled hands at last relaxed their hold; and when the servants were tearing him from their master, he still breathed defiance at his foe, and spat upon his person, as he was dragged from him.

No sooner were the arms of Yussuf set at liberty, than he grasped his pistol; but the servants stepped between him and his victim, while the latter sunk exhausted into the arms of the two ruffians who stood by him, and was carried to the prison of the Bagnio, followed by the old man, to whose charge he was committed.

Yussuf hastened to his own house, terrified with the apprehension of the contaminating touch from which he had just escaped. Every symptom he had ever heard of that terrible disorder was present to his imagination; every sound he had heard of the subtlety of its contagion came to his recollection; and if any thing was wanting to complete the mortal agony of fear, the supernatural warning of the astrologer filled up the measure of his distress.

The goaler of the Bagnio grumbled a curse on the head of the prosecutor, who sent him such a prisoner within his walls. He made some difficulty about admitting him; but when he heard the name of the lieutenant of the chief executioner, all his scruples vanished; the fear of engendering a plague in the prison was nothing to the apprehension of losing the favor of the executioner.

Poor Mourad was carried to a dungeon, in which eighteen wretches were confined, crowded together in a room about thirty feet square; many without a mat to lay their bones on, or a rug to cover their naked limbs; some were chained to the wall, others to their comrades. They were all from different countries, confined for different crimes; they had only one thing in common, and that was misery. Mourad had been in a state of insensibility from the moment of his removal from the khan to that of his arrival in the prison. He now lay extended on his back, his eyes fixed constantly on the ceiling; all

the excitement of fever in his features without its glow; all the anxiety of a deadly malady in his countenance, without the power of giving utterance to his distress. The feeble pulse and labored breathing of a strangled circulation, proclaimed the nature of his disease to the hakim who visited the prison; while the leaden cheek and livid lip, and glaring eye, left little doubt on the minds of his fellow prisoners, that the sick man's disorder was the plague. But the consternation of the poor wretches was at its height, when the unequivocal symptoms of the disease manifested themselves; when the plague-spot glowed in the pale flesh, and the purple streak extended from it to the place where the poison was concentrated.

The sufferer still lay without sense or motion; the oppression of the disorder had prostrated the strength of Nature, and vitality struggled unequally and ineffectually with the despotism of Death's prime minister. But the second day of his abode in that place of wretchedness, the torpor of the mind diminished; he gazed at the miserable objects who surrounded him; he listened to the clanking of their chains; he repeated their imprecations; he tossed to and fro, and, like him who was "smote with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown," he cursed his day, for "the arrows of the Almighty were within him, the poison whereof drinketh up the spirit." The leaden hue of his features now assumed a crimson tint; his eyes became bloodshot; he clenched his fingers, and muttered incessantly to himself; and at nightfall the fury of his delirium was at its height.—He screamed for water till his parched tongue clove to his palate; but there was none to give him. He asked, in the name of the Prophet, for one blessed drop to cool his burning mouth; but he asked in vain. He called on the God of Islam, to let the dew of heaven moisten his baked lip; but his prayer was drowned in the imprecations of the wretches whose rest he interfered with. In his frenzy, he crawled from the ground, dashed his aching head against the wall, and groaned with agony. All night long his lamentable howl was heard, and in the morning he was found on the damp pavement, disfigured with blood, and the remnant of his tattered garments in his grasp. It was a sad spectacle: even the wretches, whose hearts were familiar with atrocity, and accustomed to misery in all its horrid shapes, pitied their unfortunate fellow-prisoner, and assisted to carry him back to the mat he had quitted in the night. The third day passed over, and he still was in existence; and, in the course of that day, an old man entered the dungeon, whose long white beard and venerable figure excited a feeling of deferential awe in the bosoms of the prisoners: he was followed by a dervish of a very different appearance, who pointed to the spot where Mourad lay. The old man approached him; he gazed on the haggard visage of the sick man: he said the features of his young happy days must have been much altered to be what they then were; they were not altogether those of a villain, but many unpropitious planets had shed their disastrous influence upon them. He turned to the dervish: "This is the man," said he, "you told me was the son of a dear friend. Behold what you have brought him to. It was ill done of you, my son, to bring a sick man to such a chamber."

"Reproaches are needless," said the dervish; "my own heart furnishes a thousand.—I repent of my folly, Abou Rashed, and I wish from the bottom of my soul, I had gone when you told me, to warn the son of my poor friend of the peril I had brought him into."

The old man put his hand into his bosom, and pulled out his purse. "Take this money, my friend," said he, "and use more diligence than you did when I last gave you a commission; purchase a carpet for the poor fellow to lie on, and some covering to throw over him. While you are away, I will endeavor to procure for him the attendance of one of

his fellow-prisoners; a few piastres are a strong enforcement of the duties of humanity."

When the dervish was gone, the old man took a phial from his sleeve, and put it to the mouth of the sick man. Whatever it contained, it was swallowed with avidity, and the last drop of it was drained before it was taken from his lips. In a little time, it seemed to do him good; he moved his limbs, but his senses still remained obscured, and he returned no answer to any question that was put to him. The dervish returned in a much shorter time than Abou Rassad expected, with the articles he had sent him for. The latter then distributed a few piastres amongst the prisoners who stood about him, and told them he would not forget them on the morrow, if they paid some attention to their poor companion. The rug was immediately spread, Mourad placed on it, and a large vessel of sherbet put by his side.

The eyes of the good old man glistened with satisfaction, when he imagined he perceived some little improvement in his patient; and after recommending him over and over to the kindness of one who had promised to take charge of him, he left the place.

The patient appeared much more tranquil during the day, but the delirium returned at the same hour precisely it had set in the preceding night; but his attendant watched over him, and frequently gave him to drink, and in the morning, though the violence of his disorder was unabated, it was unaccompanied by the extreme exhaustion of the day before.

At noon, Abou Rassad made his appearance, but unattended by the Dervish, whose friendship, perhaps, was not proof against the fear of infection. The cordial was repeated, and a few piastres more were given to the attendant before the old man took his leave. That night the delirium did not return, and there was a moisture on the hands and forehead which gave some hope of his amendment to the attendant, who had hitherto little expectation of his recovery.

But the morning was ushered in with a scene of horror in the dungeon, which turned the blood cold of every wretched being within its walls, whose senses were yet alive to the terror of the doom that awaited him. Moans and lamentations were heard in every corner of the dungeon; seven of its inmates were infected with the plague; the groans of the sick were mingled with the cries of those who were reserved for a later death: of the two, the fate of the latter was the worst, for the horrors they had to witness rendered life more appalling than the tomb.

They knocked at the door of their dungeon, and besought the goaler to let them forth; they supplicated to be taken from the place of terror; they prayed, they wept, they beat the door like madmen, and when the goaler inquired into the cause of their clamor, and was told the plague was raging in the crowded dungeon, they were told the plague must end in the place where it commenced, and till it did, no human being should cross the threshold.

No language can give an adequate idea of the despair of the poor wretches; they tore their garments, flung themselves on the floor, and filled the dungeons with their cries, at every time their miserable pittance of bread and water was put through the wicket, and four of the poor wretches more were added to the sick.

A melancholy night it was as ever passed over the heads of human beings; nothing was heard but piteous moans and frenzied shrieks, the cries of the parched throat, and the ravings of the burning brain; and all the theme was Water! water!

No man dreamed of assisting his companion, his own individual pangs, whether those of pain or terror, absorbed his thoughts; the supplications of the sick were drowned in curses; hideous laughter was occasionally mingled with the shrieks of pain; and the small shrill voice of mortal anguish was heard at intervals during the night, followed by the

inarticulate accents of the low thick muttering of madness.

When the morning dawned on the walls of the prison, and some feeble rays found a passage to the dungeon through the narrow aperture in the door, which was called a window, a sorry sight presented itself to view; the floor was covered with extended bodies; hideous gestures disfigured the features of some, convulsed throes distorted the limbs of others, exhaustion had suspended the faculties of many, their sufferings—no! they slumbered, but even in their sleep they writhed in anguish. Three of them slept well, they breathed no more; and noisome animals were already crawling over their remains.

It was noon before a wretch was stirring, and when the sufferers did awake, it was to the renewal of all the horrors of the preceding day; before sun-set, nine other devoted beings were marked for death; their mien was ghastly as that of their companions, the hand and seal of fate was on their foreheads.—From this time, the closeness of the dungeon every hour became more dreadful; the pestiferous breath of the surviving was mingled with the effluvia of the dead, and the empoisoned exhalation was condensed on the damp walls, and was seen trickling down in drops of poison to the ground. Days passed over, and the pestilence raged with increased fury; "the hand of the Most High was out-stretched, and the people were smote, and they were cut off from the earth;" victim followed victim with terrible rapidity, and in nine days, five miserable men were in existence. Surrounded by the loathsome bodies of their companions, they breathed, but that was all; their looks were exanimate as those of their dead comrades; their eyes were sunken, their cheeks were hollow, their tongues were swollen, their black baked lips were streaked with gore, their aspects were horrible to one another.

Mourad was one of the unfortunate survivors: the poor man who attended on him at the commencement of the disorder, paid him unremitting attention, but he was at length attacked; and, like the sick Machaon, he needed the help he gave another. For the last three days, the wretched Mourad was left destitute of sustenance; the water jar was in sight, but not within his reach; his hand many a time was extended towards it, his dim eye was riveted on it, he attempted to rise, but it was a hopeless effort. He uttered no complaint; the voice of lamentation was no longer heard in the dungeon, the silence of death was there; want was present, but the stillness of inanition prevailed; and if a sound was heard, it was the name of Allah, or the feeble moan which the death-pang wrung from the sufferer. Another morning sent its rays through the grated window of the dungeon; another dawn lit up the chamber of death, and presented the livid mass of mortality which reeked around to the eyes of the surviving sufferers. But it was the last which was ever to send its light to Mourad—it was the final day of life's long misery—it was the farewell beam to his dejected visage, and it shone upon him as if its parting light was meant to bless him. Sunset came, and he still was living; the rays of another morning broke upon his features, but they were fixed for ever; its beams played over his lips, but they moved no more; its light fell on his lids, but the orbs beneath were wrapped in darkness; its heat struck on his breast, but the heart it held was cold as ice. There lay the remains of the once buoyant Mourad, the earthly tenement of his daring spirit, the mortal coil of pride and passion. No one stood over his corpse to recal his crimes, no weeping friend was there to soften down the obloquy they had incurred. But if there were none to palliate his faults, there still were none to revive his errors; there were none to exaggerate or extenuate his crimes—none to say his depravity was unredeemed by a single virtue; and none to make allowance for the controlling influence of a vicious education,

directed in after-life by the tide of circumstances, perhaps no less than by the current of the passions.

Death might well stumble in the dungeon of the Bagnio; like the dim-sighted camel of Aad, the victims of his tyranny were thickly scattered around, horror was accumulated on horror, and when the monster in human shape, who kept his fellow men immured in that terrible dungeon till the poison of the putrid atmosphere found its way through the prison, opened the doors, two miserable beings were in life, and when they were dragged forth, one poor wretch died on the threshold.

The disease extended no farther. The prudent conduct of the goaler was represented to the Sultan; his Highness began to entertain some hopes of carrying his plans of reform into effect: this was the first attempt at quarantine; it was a European custom, and as it worked well, it was one of the great reforms to which Turkey was to owe her regeneration. The noise of it even reached the country of the Frangis; the British statesmen hailed the auspicious omen as an indication of energy in the Porte; the resolution of the Sultan was praised, and that highly too, and the prime minister of the Giaours talked of the carcass of Thrace becoming a phoenix, out of whose ashes the triumphant Crescent was to rise, and expressed a hope of soon congratulating Christianity on the event."

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 27.

DON JUAN VAN HALEN, who was some time in America, and whom we have seen figuring as the commander of the popular forces at Brussels, was a Spaniard, who fell under some suspicions of being engaged with a number of others in a plot to dethrone the King, no uncommon circumstance during the reign of Bonaparte, but a crime in the eyes of government requiring condign punishment. Van Halen being betrayed by a man named Colova, whom he had befriended, was arrested and thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition; it is to this part of his book that the main interest is attached, and it is to this that we propose to devote a short space in our paper to-day. The account of his escape from the grip of the most horrible secret tribunal which ever existed, is equal in interest and romance to the fiction of Baron Trenck. The prison into which he was thrown, was on a level with the river Segura, so that the humidity, the cloud of gnats that entered through the narrow loop holes with which his dungeon was partially lighted, the bench constructed of brick, which served for a bed to the unhappy inmate, the chains and iron rings that hung from the walls, all contributed to render this abode one of the most frightful that ever met human sight. Here he was frequently visited by Inquisitors who endeavored in vain to wring from him the names of his accomplices. He promised that all should be cleared up if he were allowed an interview with the King; at his request, writing materials were brought, and inditing a letter to the King, agreed that he should be brought to his presence. Failing however, of convincing his Majesty of his innocence, he was remanded to a larger and more comfortable prison, where, while he occupied a more commodious apartment, he was treated with increased rigor, left without sufficient clothing, and subjected to interminable examinations from the blood thirsty Inquisitors, who determined, as he continued obstinate, to subject him to torture. The jailer and his assistants raising him from the ground, placed under his arm-pits two high crutches, from which he remained suspended; after which his right arm was tied to the corresponding crutch, whilst the left being kept in a

horizontal position, they encased his open hand in a wooden glove extending to the wrist, which shut very tightly, and from which two iron bars ran as far as the shoulder, keeping the whole in the same position in which it was placed. His waist and legs were similarly bound to the crutches, so that he shortly remained without any other action than that of breathing, though that was accomplished with difficulty.—After forty-eight hours, during which his arms had been constantly pinioned, he did not feel very acutely the pain caused by this new binding.

Being now questioned in a very austere tone, whether he did not belong to a society whose object it was to overthrow the holy catholic religion, and the august throne of the sovereign, he replied firmly that he did not. The glove which guided his arm, and which seemed to be resting on the edge of a wheel, began now to turn, and with its movements he felt an acute, intolerable pain, especially from the elbow to the shoulder; a general convulsion throughout his frame, and a cold sweat followed, so that the questions of the Inquisitors "Is it so, Is it so," were at last lost to his ear, and he was carried to his cell totally insensible and dreadfully mangled.

This cruelty threw him into a violent fever, from which it was very doubtful whether he would recover. A young orphan girl who was employed about the house to sweep the rooms, from which the prisoners were always removed during the operation, became interested in his fate, and one day left in his bed a small ear-bob as a signal of her pity. Her name was Ramona; she became the heroine of the place, and the signals which they passed, and their contrivances for communicating with each other, are very curious. The next morning he wrapped some of his hair round the ear-ring and left it in the same place where he found it—three days however, elapsed before his room was again cleansed. On returning to his bed the ring was gone, but his watch, which usually hung over the pillow, was found under it, and to his surprise it pointed to the wrong hour! He says very quaintly, "I own I could not so easily guess at the meaning of this second sign. In any other situation nothing could be more easily understood, but confined in this subterraneous place, secured by five doors, and under the immediate vigilance of two jailers, how was it possible to keep an assignation?"

On the following day, however, just at the hour indicated by the watch, Ramona appeared, and they arranged in a hurried conversation that she should bring him pencil and paper, and act as his letter carrier to his friends, whom he was able to warn of their danger, and finally to arrange where they should meet him, provided he was able to make his escape. Ramona proved faithful to her trust, though it must be confessed a prisoner thus situated ran a great risque in thus trusting a servant of the Inquisitors, who might have laid this trap to catch his friends who were at liberty. Having thus opened a communication with the world, all his thoughts were bent on the means of escape.—His eyes were constantly fixed on the doors, as well as on every thing connected with the intricate labyrinth of the passage. The two doors had each a strong bolt with a padlock to it, the same as the other five or six in the passage of the prison. As the Inquisitor was in the habit of coming unarmed every night, bringing medicine in one hand and a lamp in the other, he formed the bold idea that it would be easy to compel him to be his guide out of the prison!

Having by letter arranged the evening for trying the experiment, his friends were in wai-

ting in the street to guide him to a place of safety; the Inquisitor entered as usual, when Van Halen advanced towards him, extinguished the light, and pushing him violently to the farthest corner of the dungeon, flew to the door, and rushing through it, shut it upon him and drew the bolt, at the same moment that he, recovering himself, threatened Van Halen with instant death. Once in the passage, he groped along in complete darkness; but the astounding cries of the new prisoner echoed so loudly through those vaults, that fearing they might be heard, he no sooner arrived at the third door of the labyrinth, than locking it behind him, he armed himself with its enormous key for want of a better weapon.

Following his way at random, he twice lost himself in the various windings, but at length, after groping about, he reached the last staircase, from which a glimmering of light was distinguished, and he found himself in the kitchen, where he recognised Ramona, pale and breathless with alarm. Hastening by her direction to the street door, he met coming in the wife of the imprisoned Inquisitor, accompanied by some friends. Meantime Ramona, who was to open the door, in answer to their ringing began screaming for assistance, and in the confusion Van Halen pushed down the person just entering, and reached the street, through which he of course flew as if he had acquired a second life. His friends soon recognised him at a corner near, carried him to a place of concealment, from which, after much difficulty, he escaped out of Spain. This is the substance of one hundred and fifty pages of Van Halen's narrative. The remainder of the volume is more a book of travels than anything else, and as such we cannot be expected to follow him through various European countries; indeed, the remainder is entitled to less consideration than many recent travels. Several gentlemen with whom we have conversed, remember the author in Philadelphia, where he appears to have resided in great poverty. At the latest dates from Brussels, he was in great favor with the popular party, and his eventful life seems likely to end prosperously.

Cheap Exhibitions.—When we lauded the music grinders who walk our streets, we had no idea they would go further than to present us with sounds. In this we were mistaken. During the week past great crowds have been collected in the streets attracted by a barrel organ, and amused with a singular exhibition of dogs and a monkey. The latter gentleman appears in regimentals, riding a large shaggy dog, led by a string round a small circle near the curb stone; he eats nuts and makes faces with all the gravity of a judge, occasionally chattering to two attendants of the canine species, who follow in the rear, walking on two legs as fierce as any dandy; one of these holds a kind of waiter in his fore paws, to receive contributions, and the organ-grinder is not particularly bashful in seconding these demands, while he plays "Old Lang Syne," or some other popular air. The crowd accumulates—the hack drivers stop to see the fun, and this stops the dray-men, porters and others, till the whole street is impassable. This we do not hesitate to pronounce a nuisance, calling for the interference of the Mayor; it is so attractive to the young and thoughtless, that they forget the business on which they are sent, to say nothing of the opportunity it presents for pocket-picking, stealing the bank books of young clerks, and even shop-lifting. Where we last saw the exhibition, the crowd was so dense as to reach all across Second Street, choking up not only the side walks, but the shop doors, from which the own-

ers were removing their goods with all speed. If these exhibitions are to be allowed, the next thing will be a Menagerie of Rhinoceroses, Elephants and Tigers, with a company of mountebanks and tumblers, rolling about our principal streets. The Mayor, we trust, will see to it.

LITERARY.

THE WATER WITCH, or the Skimmer of the Seas, by the author of the Spy.

This new work from the pen of Mr. Cooper was received in Philadelphia several weeks ago, since which the proprietors, Messrs. Carey and Lea, have caused it to be stereotyped, and it will be issued in a very few days. The work has been published at Dresden. We are told by those whose opinions on such matters are entitled to respect, that this novel is fully equal to anything Mr. Cooper has yet produced. The scene opens in the harbor of New York, (about an hundred years ago) where a mysterious vessel (the Water Witch) engaged in the honorable occupation of smuggling, is discovered quietly at anchor in one of the inlets of Staten Island. Near this inlet is the country seat of a wealthy Dutch Burgomaster, who is secretly concerned with the captain of the Water Witch in evading the revenue laws, and whose summer residence is judiciously located in the vicinity of an inlet remarkably adapted to the smuggler's purposes, as it affords unusual facilities for running out to sea in case of a surprise, and of returning with equal celerity. While at anchor in this favorite roadstead, the Water Witch is visited by Alida, the heroine of the novel, and daughter of the Burgomaster. During her stay on board, the captain of the Coquette, his Majesty's revenue cutter, stationed in the harbor to prevent violations of the revenue laws, obtains information of the Water Witch, and hastens to attack her. The commander of the Coquette is the professed admirer of Alida. The Water Witch perceiving the approach of his powerful enemy, hastily puts to sea with the heroine on board, and a long and keen pursuit commences. Into this scene Mr. Cooper has thrown his utmost power, giving it a degree of interest, so absorbing and unflagging, as to render it by far the most powerful in the whole narrative, and superior to any of his former sketches. The incidents of the chase are given with that graphic power for which his perfect familiarity with nautical scenes and language so remarkably qualifies him, while the most minute particulars are intelligible to the landsman. The chase ends however, in the escape of the Water Witch, and the Coquette returning to port, where, to the amazement of her commander, he discovers the identical Water Witch riding quietly at anchor in the very inlet from which she had been so recently driven. Another spirit-stirring scene succeeds, in which however, we will not anticipate the public curiosity by a recital, or by looking further into the incidents of these highly interesting volumes.

An improved edition of the Journal of Health, Vol. 1, has just been published, accompanied by one of the prettiest lithographs we have seen, and exceedingly appropriate to the work. In the annals of American periodicals, the Journal of Health may be said to stand alone. No work has ever gone forward with such gigantic strides, or been received and patronised so universally. Its cheapness has been often referred to, and may in some degree account for the secret of its popularity. No less than 14,000 copies are printed, every number being stereotyped, at an expense of many hundred dollars yearly. The volume before us will be used by

thousands as a book of pleasing reference; and if all its readers could derive from it the same amount of benefit as its authors, it may be truly pronounced an invaluable volume.

THE PEARL, OR AFFECTION'S GIFT, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1831.

This is the third volume Mr. Ash has given to the public in the form of an Annual, and he has gone on improving each year, until the Pearl for 1831 may be ranked among the most pleasing of the American Annuals, and in many respects as superior to some juvenile Christmas gifts of the London press. In point of embellishment, no expense, consistent with the character of the work and the expectations of the juvenile community for whom it is principally intended, appears to have been spared in bringing out the present volume. The engravings are eight in number, not one of which can be reasonably objected to on any ground whatever. If not as finely executed, they are as pleasing as any we have lately seen.

Of the literary portion of the Pearl we shall furnish a few specimens. We begin with the "Dedication" itself. The author's name is not mentioned, but his poem is very appropriate and quite pretty.

DEDICATION.

In this small volume we may find
An emblem of the youthful mind.
First, then, these leaves so pure and white,
And made by steady pressure bright,
Resemble those, whose plant age
Receives instruction's simple page;
And should the language that is trac'd
Upon these leaves by truth be grac'd—
Should it pour forth an ardent love
For all that virtue can approve;
A closer likeness still we'd find,
Of an incense, well taught mind.
The pencil, too, to aid the line,
Comes to display each fair design;
And these accomplishments we call,
Which aid, adorn, and finish all.
Further—the leaves compact are bound,
Yet opening freely, still are found;
So the young mind, from vain display
Turning with dignity away,
When gently on'd, unfolds with ease—
Modest reserve its binding is.
With favor then your likeness view,
Ye Youth, for it is given to you.

A beautiful engraving of "The Kitten" is accompanied by the following anonymous lines.

THE LITTLE GIRL & HER KITTEN.

Indeed ye are a happy pair,
Thyself and darling treasure—
With little heads unweary'd care,
And hearts brim full of pleasure,
Which spirit knows the least of grief,
'Tis very hard to say,
The kitten jumping at a leaf,
Or she why joins the play.

Ye both are frisking, giddy things—
A play-ground earth before ye,
Where hours pass by with silken wings,
And fling no shadows o'er ye.

I wish it thus might always be,
My guileless little one—
It makes me sad to look on thee,
And think what change may come.

Then freely pour thy young heart out,
And take thy fill of joy—
I love to hear thy merry shout,
And see thy blithe employ.

"Mary Lee" is a simple village tale related in very pleasing language, conveying a lesson which should be instilled in all young minds.

MARY LEE.

I wandered forth at closing day,
To breathe the evening air;
Not yet was drawn the curtain gray,
Which hides the flow'rets fair.

They blush'd in beauty 'neath my tread,
And all their rich perfume
Around in generous fragrance shed,
Unwitting of their doom.

I could not choose, but bid my eye,
In simple gladness, rest
Upon the gorgeous drapery
That lined the lovely west.

And fain was I to hear the note
The blackbird gaily sung,
As on the air it seem'd to float,—
And o'er my heart-strings rung.

I reach'd the brook, and mussy stone,
Where lingering still for me,
Was wont to sit—till twilight lone—
My little Mary Lee.

Her knitting in her merry way,
Would Mary hold on high,
And all the progress of the day,
Upon my finger try.

She was not there—not richly now
To me the sunset beam'd;
The blackbird caroll'd on the bough,
But not for me it seem'd.

More bright than these was Mary's look,
When yesterday it shone;
More sweet her voice, when o'er the brook
She sent its joyous tone.

I hasten'd onward to the cot—
Where Mary's mother dwelt,—
Why seem'd it such a lonely spot?
I never thus had felt.

The woodbine now as gracefully
Around the porch was hung,
The little gate with motion free
As hospitably swung.

I paus'd a moment—and a groan
Fell deeply on my ear;
I enter'd—it was Mary's moan—
She knew not I was near.

She knelt beside her mother's bed,
Her head was resting there;
The mother's struggling breath had fled—
Her daughter knelt in prayer.

And tears came gushing on her cheek,
And sobs convulsed her frame;
I heard the little sufferer speak—
It was her mother's name.

Come to my arms! poor child, I cried,
Come hither, Mary Lee,
God has been lavish to my pride,
I'll share His gifts with thee.

She leaned her pale cheek on my breast,
I press'd her to my heart,—
And from that sacred place of rest,
No more shall she depart.

The poem "To a Young Child," by Willis G. Clark, is among the best pieces in the volume. We copy it for the perusal of the numerous admirers of that gentleman's poetry.

TO A YOUNG CHILD.

Thou hast a fair, unsullied cheek—
A clear and dreaming eye,
Whose bright and winning glances speak
Of childhood's revelry;—
And on thy brow, no look of care,
Comes, like a cloud, to cast a shadow there.
In feeling's early freshness blest—
Thy wants and wishes few;
Rich hopes are garnered in thy breast,
As summer's morning dew
Is found like diamonds, in the rose;—
Nestling 'mid scented leaves, in sweet repose!
Keep this in love, the heritage
Of life's ephemeral spring;—
Keep its pure thoughts,—till after age
Weigh down the spirit's wing.
Keep the warm heart—the hate of sin,
And heavenly peace will on thy soul break in.
And when the evening-tide of years
Brings, in its shadowy train,
The record of life's hopes and fears—
Let it not be in vain
That backward on existence thou canst look,
As on a pictured page, or pleasant book.

THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

The entertainments at this house during the week, have consisted principally of the new piece entitled Aladdin, or the Magic Lamp. In point of scenery, it surpasses the splendid array bro't out with Faustus, while the incidents are much more pleasing, heightened as they have been by the admirable vocal powers of Madam Feron and Mrs. Knight. Aladdin was played on Monday night, for the second time, to a crowded and very fashionable house, and was received with loud demonstrations of satisfaction. Mrs. Knight's singing, in the character of Aladdin, was repeatedly encored, affording sufficient evidence that if her vocal abilities are not accompanied by so much scientific knowledge as is possessed by Mrs. Austin, they are not less pleasing to an intelligent audience. Her song of "Home, home, receive me," was delivered with a force which filled the remotest corner of the house, and at the same time with a tenderness in perfect keeping with the sentiment. The distinct articulation given to every word which Mrs. Knight utters, constitutes one of the most pleasing features of her singing; though her voice was sometimes drowned in the ill-assorted, ill-judged, and vexatious howlings of a tasteless orchestra. It is truly surprising that this department of the theatres possess so little

common sense as to play so loudly during a song, so much to the dissatisfaction of nine-tenths of the audience, who go there for the song only.—Throwing aside their want of judgment in continually playing airs to which most theatre-goers are entire strangers, instead of giving national tunes, or others most in vogue; the little good singing we have is spoiled by the deafening clamor of a regiment of dragon-blowers and trumpeters.

On Wednesday night, Aladdin was repeated for the benefit of Madam Feron, and drew an audience which crowded the house from bottom to top. It went off with the same, if not greater eclat, than the two former representations, Mrs. Knight again personating Aladdin, and Madam Feron the Princess. Her dress was splendid in the extreme. The crowded houses which this gorgeous musical play has drawn, go far to prove that the taste of the Philadelphia public is of a musical order, and that those players who expect to succeed well among us, must be vocalists of a respectable order at least.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

A new piece, (it bore no other name) called *The Night Hawk*, was produced at this house for the first time on Wednesday night; and for the sake of common decency, we trust the boards of even the Walnut Street Theatre may never be polluted by a similar display of low, vile, and disgusting indecency, coupled with scenes and language which no female ought to hear uttered, much less to utter. The play was got up in three acts by Mr. Logan, and performed for his benefit. It answered the main purpose of drawing together all the stable boys and street walkers in the city, who jammed the pit and lobbies to an extent we never before witnessed. A good deal more plot than the piece possessed was displayed on the hand-bills, which we copy below, as it gives a better idea of the *Night Hawk* than any other synopsis we could make—

The bar-room of a Tavern in Race street; a Norristown gentleman reading the "Mechanics' Free Press."

Scene 3. A Milliner's Shop; milliners making love and corsets; a Yankee in a Band-Box. Night Hawk among the Mantua Makers.

Act 2. Charcoal Jenny blowing a Horn, and taking one—Cordial and Corsets—A tumble over a Fire Plug—Faithful Watchmen—A Bucks County Damsel in Distress—A Yankee's escape from the Guardians of the night.

Scene 2. A Serenading Party—Gostport Tragedy—Faithless Sally Brown. Song, a True Lover's Ditty, by Mr. W. Chapman—An attempt at the Minstrel's Return from the Wars, with an accompaniment on the Horn, by Charcoal Jenny.

Act 3. Past twelve o'clock and a Charcoal Morning. A Fire; Charcoal Jenny having dined out, exhibits painful concern for the engines, "Vigilant, Neptune, and Humane," and becoming entangled in the hose, is borne to the fire without any voluntary locomotion. Scene last.—A ball room, Jenny in liquor, in disguise, in trouble, and in Petticoats. A country Dance by the characters, and a general blow up by Powder, id est, pulverised Charcoal.

SUNDAY TRAVELLING.—A great discussion has occurred among the Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester rail road, as to the propriety of allowing of Sunday travelling on it. The annexed is a brief summary of the statement on the subject, furnished by the Liverpool Albion:—

"Whilst one Director maintained that every kind of secular employment, on this sacred day, is sinful, and that, as no truly religious man would do any work on Sunday, so could he not conscientiously derive any emolument from the labors of other men on that day; several Directors avowed that they could not see anything sinful in Sunday travelling, and could not, therefore, perceive the slightest reason to lay up the Company's machines on that day; adding, that if they did not run their engines, other people might, and thus deprive the proprietors of large sums. Another set of Directors, whilst they

admitted the force of the objection against Sunday travelling, as urged by the first Director, on the ground that it was in defiance of the direct command of God, yet thought that persons who were forced to journey on that day, ought not to be deprived of the means of travelling; they voted, therefore, that the engines might lawfully convey passengers whom necessity compelled to travel on the Sabbath.

"How the Directors were to discover the reason of a man's taking a journey on Sunday, whether it were on business, for pleasure, or from necessity, we know not; but the necessitarians soon found that the attempt to reconcile their consciences and their pockets was vain. They agreed, therefore, to form a truce with the advocates for unlimited travelling, and to split the difference between them, by permitting the engines to travel out of church hours! The Director who maintained the sinfulness of Sunday travelling, as soon as the majority decided against him, resigned his situation at the Board, sold his shares at a premium of £95 per share, and washed his hands of the whole concern. At least one proprietor has followed his example, taking the same view of the sinfulness of Sunday travelling. It is said that a number of Ministers resident in Liverpool and Manchester are about to draw up a remonstrance to the Directors on the subject, when the whole question will, of course, come before the public."

From Carey's Encyclopedia Americana.

EPHRATA.

An irregular village built and occupied by a society of Seventh-day Baptists, on the Cocalico creek, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, 60 miles from the city of Philadelphia, and 38 from Harrisburg. This society, usually denominated the *Dunkers*, was founded by Conrad Bessel, a German of much intelligence and piety, who had received a regular education at Halle, and took orders as a Calvinistic minister; but being persecuted for his opinions on some points of theology, which he could not reconcile to his mind, he left Europe, and retired to this place about the year 1720, and soon formed a little colony called Ephrata, in allusion to the Hebrews who used to sing psalms on the borders of the Euphrates. It contains several very ancient and singular buildings, the principal of which are a brother and sister house. The 2 houses for the brethren and sisters are very large, and are four stories high; each contains a chapel and is divided into small apartments, so that 9 dormitories, which are barely large enough to contain a cot (in former times a bench and block for the head) a closet and an hour glass, surround a common room, in which each mess have their meals, and pursue their respective occupations. This people are remarkable for their rigid adherence to the precepts and ordinances of the new testament, even to the washing of the feet before administering the sacrament; and do not admit of any innovations whatever on the established form and ceremonies of Christ. They are very observant of the Sabbath (the seventh day.) The dress of the brethren and sisters, is that of the Franciscan or White Friars.—The members of the society are much dispersed; a large body of them now live in community at the Antietam in Franklin county, Pa. At one period, about 60 or 70 years since, they were very numerous, exceeding 500 in the cloister. The few that remain in the convent, and the members in the adjacent country, differ in no respect from their neighbors in dress or manners, though they live in the faith of their fathers and are remarked for their exemplary lives and deportment. The ancient community entertained some opinions which, in the present day are deemed visionary, and the product of enthusiasm and speculation. They are much misrepresented, by those writers who assert that they live chiefly on roots and other vegetables, the rules of the society not allowing them flesh, except on particular occasions; that they consider future happiness to be attained only by penance and outward mortification in this life; and that they disclaim violence, even in cases

of self-defence, and suffer themselves to be defrauded or wronged rather than go to law. These writers are also in error when they state that they allow no intercourse between the brethren and sisters, not even by marriage. On the contrary, whenever two wish to engage in the bonds of wedlock, they are aided by the society, though they consider celibacy a virtue. They are peaceful, and their manner of living is temperate; but they enjoy in moderation the same temporal goods and comforts as their fellow men. They are distinguished for their music, which is peculiar, composed and arranged throughout by themselves.

ILLINOIS.

One of the articles in the Illinois Monthly Magazine is on the subject of the geology of that State. The mineral wealth of Illinois is yet but imperfectly ascertained. The emigrants who for a few years past have crowded it, have been principally farmers and mechanics—men who have broken the surface of the soil, not to make scientific discoveries, but to raise the means of subsistence. Accident, however, and the occasional cursory examinations of scientific travellers, have shown that fertile State to abound with sources of mineral wealth, which already begin to be efficiently explored.

The Illinois Monthly Magazine states that evidences of the existence of copper to a considerable extent have been discovered. The fact of the existence of silver mines in the southern parts of the State is said to be unquestioned. A few years ago a small quantity was raised, and counterfeit dollars were made of it, which were purer than the Spanish dollar. Lead is also supposed to exist abundantly in the more northern parts of Illinois.

Besides these metals, the soil abounds with various other valuable natural productions.—Salt springs exist in various parts of the State, and salt is already an important article of manufacture. Coal (which is rendered particularly valuable by the scarcity of trees in some parts of Illinois) is found abundantly in many places. The springs and streams in some sections are said to be impregnated with valuable medicinal qualities. "We know of one well," says the Magazine, "so strongly impregnated with sulphate of magnesia, or Epsom salts, that a considerable quantity of this article has annually been made for sale, by simply evaporating the water in a common kettle. Not far from this is a well containing a sharp and pleasant acid, which has not been analyzed. The water is a powerful tonic and astringent. Sulphur springs and chalybeate waters have also been found." The trustees of Illinois College are said to be about to institute a professorship of geology and mineralogy—which will, no doubt, have an effect to awaken inquiry and experiment, and lead to some valuable results.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

The steamboat Springfield, between Hartford and Springfield, took fire on Thursday, and her upper works were burnt before it could be extinguished.

On the 23d ult. a large mill, full of combustibles, just below Nashville, was destroyed by fire, and a poor female, sick in the third story with the small pox, consumed in it.

A Royal fellow.—A man has been fined in Pittsburgh, twenty dollars for *Horsechipping* Mrs. Ann Royall.

A review of Lady Morgan's second farago on France, will be found in the London Literary Gazette. This exhibition of the character of the book may enable our readers to judge of its value. It is transcendent gallimaufry.

Tl. Regencies of Tunis and Tripoli have made treaties with France. Each pays to France the sum of 800,000 francs against all pecuniary demands.

"He's a queer chap, that Lord Eldon," said Patrick.—"Faith, you may say that," said Teddy; "how can he help it, when the very words spelt backwards make a Drol Noddle."

On the site of the ancient Pastum, in Italy, the recent excavations have led to the discovery of a vast temple, with sculpture of the greatest interest.

The Card Factory of Mr. Whittemore, West Cambridge, has been consumed by fire. There was insurance in Boston of 16,000 dollars.

In blowing rocks at Gloucester, they sometimes use three kegs of powder, and cast fragments of 300 pounds through the neighbors' houses.

Oliver Watkins has been sentenced to death in Sterling, Conn. for killing his wife.

EMBELLISHMENTS TO THE ARIEL.—In issuing our Sixteenth Number, we present an engraving of different character from any that have preceded it, though equally costly, and of as high a finish. The difficulty of procuring original drawings of American Scenery we have found so great, that we almost despair of being able to embellish our little publication with views exclusively American. In our wish to do so, a friend in New York has kindly assisted us by forwarding the two views of *Skaneateles* and *Aurora*, which have already appeared in the ARIEL. Since then we have received a beautifully executed drawing of the Falls near Troy, N. Y. for which we take occasion to return thanks. It will be handsomely engraved for our Fifth Volume; and if further sketches from the same hand should be received, they will be exceedingly welcome.

A drawing of the town of Lockport, N. Y. exhibiting those wonderful efforts of human skill and enterprise, the *Combined Locks* on the Erie Canal at that place, will also be placed in the engraver's hands for the next Volume. We may confidently say that this view will present uncommon claims to the admiration of all our readers.

A friend has promised us a drawing of Nazareth, in this state, celebrated, like its neighbor Bethlehem, as being peopled by that pious sect, the Moravians. Another friend has promised us a third sketch of a village in New York. In addition to these, two views are in preparation connected with that part of our revolutionary history in which Major Andre occupied so large a space.

While we feel thankful for the many sketches sent to us, we regret that the number has been so small. Not one of our numerous readers at the South, has forwarded a drawing of any southern landscape; nor have our subscribers who reside East of New York, been more desirous to exhibit the beauties of their respective homes.

In the present Volume it has been impossible to issue the embellishments with any degree of regularity. For the remainder of the year, we shall publish them almost in every other number, until the whole number promised (twelve) shall have appeared. A handsome frontispiece, or title-page, will perhaps close the Volume.

In the mean time we again solicit original drawings of American Scenery, to embellish our next Volume. Heretofore we have made it a practice, (and shall continue it) to furnish the author of every original sketch with as many copies of the same as he may wish to distribute among his friends, as a slight return for the obligation conferred upon us in forwarding the design.

John Randolph's conduct at the Court of St. Petersburg is represented to have been supremely ridiculous. This might have been anticipated before he started.

Colonel Childs is about to publish a full length print of President Jackson. No doubt it will sell well.

Jonny Randolph, the Lunatic of Roanoke, is returning hot foot from Russia to America! Has the Emperor sent him home?

The small-pox has broken out with great violence in and near Morristown, N. J. One death has occurred, and several families have it.

A Yankee is exhibiting in Chester county a fire engine which works with a crank.

The Camden and Amboy railroad was begun on the 30th Oct. at Camden, near Toy's Ferry. Go on with it, say we. Cooper's new novel of the *Water Witch* (a vile name) will be published by Carey & Lea in a few days.

Mr. Maczel has closed his exhibition of the chess-play, &c. to the great sorrow of many young and old "uns. People in New York are praying that the laws extended over the Onondia Indians be repealed. So much for the consistency of the opponents of Georgia policy.

The steamboat Ohio burst her boiler last week between Dunkirk and Buffalo—but no harm done.

John Quincy Adams has been elected to Congress by a unanimous vote of the Plymouth district.

Young Kean has been playing for a week at Baltimore, but to very slim houses.

One hundred and forty emigrants to Liberia, sailed from Norfolk on the 20th ult. Fifty but twelve as many thousand.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

WINDOW GLEANINGS.

MR. EDITOR.—As I observe you studiously endeavor to serve up to your readers as great a variety of topics as you possibly can command, perhaps you will not object to a few "window gleanings" which I have picked up from books or in travelling. The poet Shenstone, has furnished four lines, which are often inscribed on the windows of inns, by those who wish to flatter their host, and have not the genius to pay him an original compliment.

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been;
Must sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

A few gentlemen who stopped some time at an inn at Stockport, left the following record of the bad reception they met with, on the window of the tavern—

"If, traveller, good treatment be thy care,
A comfortable bed and wholesome fare,
A modest bill, and a diverting post,
Neat maid and ready waiter—quit this coast."

A gentleman who, in 1715, passed some time in prison, left the following memorial on the window of his cell—

"That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty."

A modern cynic who had travelled much, but found

"His own best country still at home,"

had no sooner landed at Falmouth, than he inscribed the following record of his feelings with a small pocket diamond, on the window of his hotel:—

"I have seen the specious, vain Frenchman;
the truckling Dutchman; the tame Dane;
the sturdy, self-righting Swede; the barbarous Russian;
the pay-lighting Swiss; the subtle splendid Italian;
the turbulent Pole; the honest German;
the wicked Turk; the lounging Maltese;
the piratical Moor; the proud cruel Spaniard;
the bigotted, base Portuguese, with their several countries;
and hail again my native land. Reader, if English, Scotch, or Irish,
rejoice in the freedom that is the felicity of thy native land,
and maintain it sound to posterity."

A sighing lover thus vents his spleen on a window in Shropshire—

"Dust is lighter than a feather,
The wind much lighter is than either;
But alas! frail woman kind
Is far much lighter than the wind."

Underneath these, in another hand, are the following lines—

"Friend, you mistake the matter quite!
How can you say that woman's light?
Poor Cornuo swears, throughout his life,
His heaviest plague has been a wife."

I am, Mr. Editor, your constant reader,
EVANDER.

We should be glad if some correspondent would furnish some window gleanings from American inns.—Ed.

THE TRAVELLER.

EXTRACT FROM NOTES ON A JOURNEY FROM NEW HAVEN TO MAUCH CHUNK.

BY PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

From Elizabethtown point we passed through Springfield and Morristown, a part of the classic ground of the revolution. At the latter place, the house which was the head quarters of Gen. Washington while the army lay three miles south, on the declivity of the mountain, is still shewn. Here the troops remained steadfastly encamped, during the tremendous

winter of 1779, 80, when their tents were often buried in the snow, or overturned by the tempests of that dreadful season. To this strong hold, Washington retired after the successful battle of Princeton, and thus secured the advantage he had so completely and honorably won.

Morristown is a handsome inland town situated in the midst of a beautiful country, soon to be enlivened by the commerce which will flow through the Morris Canal, now drawing near its completion; this will connect the Delaware at Easton, with Newark bay, and of course with New York, to which city the important produce of the Lehigh coal mines will then be transported with the same ease as to Philadelphia. Morristown is 25 miles from New York. From this place to Schooley's mountain the face of the country is both grand and beautiful. Meadows of intense verdure, orchards, mountains, and rich forests, are constantly in view. At Morristown, we leave the trap and sand stone country, which cover the middle region of New Jersey, and fragments of primitive rocks begin to be abundant, especially on Schooley's mountain; none however were observed in this place, but they might have been unnoticed in the obscurity of a rainy day, and of a curtained coach. We had no time to search for the zircon crystals, or taste the mineral waters, which have here gained considerable celebrity. From Schooley's mountain to the Delaware, the beauty of the country constantly increased. We rode between two barriers of mountains, which attended us with great regularity, but at such a distance as to admit of wide fields between: these fields were covered with luxuriant grass and wheat, and being kept in fine order, were a constant subject of admiration. The descent of a long and steep hill with a high precipice on the right, at only a few feet from the coach, one of whose wheels was locked for safety, brought us at dark to Easton, and to the enjoyment of Pennsylvania hospitality and plenty.

May 12.—A view from the heights in and about Easton, includes the Delaware, which is here a roaring rapid river, with bold and precipitous banks, the picturesque Lehigh and its attendant canal: fine verdant slopes, and an ancient respectable town, built principally of stone, with a population of 2500 to 3000.—Easton was, in former times, the seat of many Indian treaties, and was one of the usual channels of communication between the eastern colonies and northern Pennsylvania.* It has in its vicinity, a fine serpentine formation; and the beautiful cabinet of Dr. Swift, presents that mineral in distinct crystals; it is of the variety called noble serpentine, which appears thus clearly entitled to rank as a distinct mineral species. In Dr. Swift's well selected and well arranged collection there are splendid crystals of zircon found in this vicinity, and the most beautiful crystalized mica in long prisms of six sides. We were indebted to the kindness and intelligence of several of the gentlemen of Easton for much valuable information.

RIDE TO MAUCH CHUNK.

We passed between Nazareth and Bethlehem, the two most celebrated establishments of the Moravians in this quarter, and regretted that we could not then see them; for we were in a private carriage, which, as the roads were heavy, was merely able, without stopping or changing horses, to convey us, in one day, to the celebrated coal mines on the Lehigh, 36 miles from Easton. On our way we passed through a most beautiful country, a continuation of the rich valley which we had, the day before, so much admired in New Jersey. The farms were adorned with the finest grass and wheat, the latter in very extensive fields, cultivated by a German population; females were often observed laboring on the farms, and even in some instances holding the plough and governing teams of horses. When we observed them working vigorously in the gardens and at the wood piles, they discovered no embarrassment at seeing strangers, and

doubtless from habit they felt none. The Pennsylvania Germans are very industrious and thrifty farmers, but with some honorable exceptions, they in general, undervalue education and knowledge, and are quite satisfied to go on as their fathers went before them, and they almost systematically shut their eyes against the lights of the age; but they are truly a stable population.

Many mountain scenes engaged our attention, particularly as we approached the gap in the Blue Ridge, through which the Lehigh passes. This mountain range stretches for many miles, in a straight line to the right and left, presenting a regular barrier, fringed with forest trees, and wooded on the entire slope, which was as steep as it could be and sustain the wood upon its sides. As we approached the gap, the view became very beautiful, and as we entered it by the side of the Lehigh and of the fine canal upon the left of its bank, the mountain ridge, here cleft from top to bottom, and rising apparently a thousand feet, presented, on either hand, a promontory of rocks and forests, rising very abruptly, and forming a combination both grand and beautiful. The passes of rivers through mountains are almost invariably picturesque, and it is always interesting to observe, how faithfully the rivers explore the clefts in mountain barriers, and impelled by the power of gravity, wind their way through rocky defiles and pursue their untiring course to the ocean. It is common to speak of such passes as being formed by the rivers, which are often supposed to have burst the barriers, and thus to have shaped their own channel. This may have happened in some peculiar cases, and there are doubtless many instances where the lakes, of which many must have been left at the retiring both of the primeval and of the deluvial ocean, have worn or burst away their barriers, especially when composed, as they must often have been, of loose materials.—But with respect to most rocky passes of rivers through mountains, there appears no reason whatever, to believe that the waters have torn asunder the solid strata; a more resistless energy must have been requisite for such an effect, and we must therefore conclude, that the rivers have, in some instances, merely flowed on through the lowest and least obstructed passages; their channels they have doubtless deepened, and modified, often to an astonishing degree, but they have rarely formed them through solid rocks. Soon after passing Lehigh, a little village three miles from Mauch Chunk, we entered another pass which the Lehigh makes through the mountains. It is not like the former, a section of the barrier; it is rather a long circuitous gorge between two barriers, which, although they pursue a winding course, still preserve their parallelism; and their feet near Mauch Chunk approach so near to each other that there is only room for the Lehigh and the canal on the one side, and for a road cut into the mountain on the other; it is so narrow that the river is almost within reach on the right, and the mountain rocks are quite so a little more to the left.

* Most of the emigrants from the east to the valley of Wyoming, travelled through the country on the higher branches of the Delaware, and left Easton to the south.

† On our return home, by the way of Philadelphia, we passed through these beautiful towns, but as we merely stopped for refreshment, a hasty walk through the streets of Bethlehem afforded only a transient opportunity of admiring this charming spot. The stability, order and neatness of the town, are sufficiently remarkable, and bear testimony to the industry and order of the excellent people that founded it: its female seminary is a conspicuous object, and the scenery as we descended from it to the Lehigh, which (here a full flowing stream,) winds among lovely hills and meadows, is not surpassed by the finest park and forest scenes of England, to which it bears a great resemblance.

FOR THE ARIEL.

AGE AND YOUTH.

They say this is a world of care,
That snares and thorns are every where,
That friends grow cold, and pleasures fly,
And lurking toes in ambush lie;
'Tis strange!—My friends are aye the same,
New pleasures every day I frame,
I know no foes, I feel no care,
The light of joy is every where;
If there are snares, no snares I see,
Oh! 'tis a happy world to me!

They talk of seasons cold and drear,
Of cloudy skies, a falling year,
Of blighted hopes, and wishes crost,
Of treasure gain'd with pain, and lost—
'Tis strange!—The bright blue sky is fair,
And passing clouds soon disappear,
New hopes spring up from day to day,
And hoarded treasures—what are they?
I grieve that they such pain should see,
But, 'tis a sweet, sweet world to me!

They say that lovers will deceive,
That maids their tales should ne'er believe,
That falsehood lurks in every smile,
And every glance is full of guile—
'Tis very strange!—In Harry's eyes
I'm sure no hidden falsehood lies,
Kind are his words, his smiles are sweet,
I love that merry glance to meet;
He says I am his world—and he—
Oh, he is all the world to me!

That lovely sky of placid blue,
Those diamond stars, just peeping through,
This carpet green beneath my feet,
You robin's note, so wildly sweet,
The smiling friends who cross my way,
The crowded joys of every day,
The social chat, the ramble long,
The evening hearth, the merry song,
And those dear eyes I always see
Make this a dear, dear world to me. STELLA

From the Boston Statesman.

SONG.

Thou hast wooed me with pledges
A princess might wear;
Thou hast offered rich jewels
To wreath in my hair.
Ah! deck with thy jewels,
The halls of the sea;
Thy gold and thy purple—
They are not for me.
But give me Love's myrtle,
And ribbon of blue;
And I'll go to the bridal
At vespers with you.

Thou hast told of the glory
That waited thy bride;
Thy mansion of splendor—
Thy image of pride.
Ah! go to the high born,
In palace of glee,
And boast of thy titles—
They are not for me.
But give me a cottage—
A warm heart and true—
And I'll go to the bridal
At vespers with you.

HARP OF THE ISLE.

THE GRAVES OF CYRUS AND ALEXANDER.—It is remarkable that both the tombs of Cyrus and Alexander, each surnamed the Great, were broken into, and the bodies of those who had awed the world, were profaned for the sake of the gold, the precious stones, and the other valuables with which they were decorated. In speaking of this subject, Williams, the historian of Alexander, justly observes: "The great, if they wish their ashes to repose undisturbed, should leave their wealth on this side of the grave; any superfluous decorations of the tomb but serves to tempt the hands of the spoiler."

ANECDOTE.—It is well known that ardent spirits are very offensive to animals, especially to horses. Of this fact, a traveller recently passing through one of the villages of Vermont was reminded in the following manner: At a place where two roads crossed at right angles he found a neat reservoir of pure water supplied by an aqueduct from a spring in the Green Mountains. While his horse was regaling himself, the traveller's attention was attracted to a label on the post containing the following stanza:—

Temperance fountain, good as can be,
Better far than rum or brandy,
If this truth excites your fury
Let your horse be judge and jury.